ITER LUSITANICUM,

OR,

The Portugal Voyage.

With what memorable Passages interven'd at the Shipping, and in the Transportation of her most Sacred Majesty *KATHERINE*, Queen of *Great Britain*, from *LISBON*, to *ENGLAND*.

Exactly observed

By him that was Eye-witnesse of the same,
Who though he publish this, conceals his name.

Plus valet unus oculatus testis
Quam mille auriti. *Aug.*

Carmina secessum; scribentis & otia quærunt;
me mare, me venti, me fera jactat hyems.

Verses ask time, and leisure, but I'me tost
With windes, and waves, and with cold winters blast.

By *S. H.* a Cosmopolite.

LONDON,
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TO THE

KING,

His Most Sacred, and most Excellent MAJESTY.

PArdon, Great Sir, this forwardneſs of mine,
Pardon each rude, and indigeſted line.
I am no Poet, Sir, nor Poets Son,
'Tis ſeldome, I ere look towards *Helicon*.
The Eminencies that in them are known,
Except their Povertie I muſt diſown;
And 't was my *Loyalty*, and not my Wit,
As Poet, that hath ſtill occaſion'd it.
Here; as it was incumbent every day,
I could not, *Flamen*-like, but Sing and Pray.
Iliads, and *Odyſs'*, trouble, and Triumph too,
Of your Great Queen, Great Sir, I offer you.
I thought it my alleageance for to tell
What accidents within our Voyage fell.

To me 'twas Antidote against the harms
We fear'd, or felt, among the dreadfull Stormes.
Tis now an offering; your Majestick Frown
May mak't a burnt one, then I'm quite undone.
That would astonish and appale me more,
Then all the Horrours of the Sea before.
But 'tis your gratious Candour I doe sue,
Which is both Patronage, and pardon too.
Graunt it, Great Sir, to him, who ner.e knew how
To merit the least wrinkle, from your brow.
Send from the Chancery of your Royal Brest,
Your Royal pardon, my *Quietus est*.

Your Majesties most humble Servant, Subject, and Suppliant,

S. H.

A La Serenissima y muy Poderosa Reyna la Reyna de la *Gran Britainia, Francia,* y *IRLANDA*, &c.

Sereniſſima Reyna,

YA que honrado he ſido, con aver eſtado enſerviendo a V. M.tad, en el Carlos Royal; he dado a ſaber al mundo, las amargas yervas con que Comió V. M.tad las paſcuas ſobre el atlantico. en que recuento, eſtan acompañados, otros memorables ſuceſos, que Comprehenden, las ſumptuoſas ſolenidades (en Lisboa*), de la partida de V. M.tad; y por amor de Orden y metodo, los he fundado en la luſtreſa de los Glorioſos, y hechos muy famoſes de los antepaſados, de V. M.tad; que primeramente ſcalaron El monte de Avila, y en progreſſo, con ſus armas valeroſas ſe dieron ſer, abſolutos duenos del India Oriental y del poniente, ſobre ciudades infinitas, fortalezas y rios, Algunos de ellos ſaliendo del Paraiſo.*

La vendicion de la Reyna del Zur, ſea la de V. M.tad *! en el gozamiento, aſi de la ſavidvria, como la perſona del nueſtro* Salomon *bendito: ſea V. M.tad Como la vina frutifera, naciendo por los paredes de ſu Caſa! Sea ſu Caſa un Caſtillo impregnable! ſempre bien Compueſta ſin algun emfado eſtranxero! Sea ſu primogenito de V. M.tad, el mas alto de los reyes de la tierra, que aſi en continuo reza.*

Seraniſſima Reyna

El muy humilde y muy fiel Criado y rezante de V. M.tad.

S. H.

TO THE

Most Serene and powerfull Queen, the Queen of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *IRELAND*, &c.

HAving had the honour to attend your Majesty in the Royal-*Charles*, I have here let the world know with what bitter herbs your Majestie did eat your Pass-over through the *Atlantick* Sea; which relation is accompanied with other memorable passages that take in the pompous solemnities of your departure from *Lisbon:* and being a friend to Method, and Order, have layd the Foundation thereof in the splendor of your glorious and renowned Aunceſtors; who first climb'd up Mount *Avila*, and in process of time with their victorious armies made themselves absolute Lords over the ORientall and Occidentall Indies, over many Cities, Fortifications, and famous Rivers, some of which take their rise from *Paradise*.

The blessing of the Queen of the South be ever on you, in the enjoyment both of the wisdome and person of our gracious *Solomon*. May you be like a fruitfull Vine by the sides of his house; and may his house be an unvanquishable Fort against all *Assaylants*; Let it never be disordered by any Forrein Invesion, or Domestick Treason. May your First-born be higher then the Kings of the Earth. This is the constant prayer of

Most Serene Queen

Your most humble, and most faithfull Subject, and Servant

S. H.

THE APOLOGY, TO THE READER.

EIght hundred leagues, short of *Parnassus* Mount,
My slumbring *Muse*, awakt, which made account
T'indulge her selfe in silence; since she h'as flowne
O're th'yawning Waves, and Seas, to *Helicon*,
And dipt her flutteriug wings; returns again,
Meets me oth' Coasts of *Portugall* and *Spain*.
Thence she retires to *England*, where she Roves:
Amongst the *Lawrel*, *Thickets*, and the *Groves*
Declaring in the following numbers, when
And where, and how *King John* got's Crown again,
Relating no Romance, but what was seen,
In the transporting of Great *Britaines* Queen.
Presuming neither more then to begin,
And jangle, to get better Ringers in.
Resolving after this ner'e to be seen
Or shew her selfe, on the *Pierian Green*.

Censure not too severely these of mine;
Or write thy self, that I may censure thine.

S. H.

THE

THE ALARUM, TO The SPANIARD.

IT is decreed / nor can thy tottering Fate,
O *Spain*, resist the *Lusitanian* State;
Though Ensignes, Ensignes, Armies, Armies meet,
And in dire Thunder Cannons Cannons Greet;
They'l reach the topmost Jewel in thy Crown,
And Place a Bend in thy Escutchion.
Sixty two years, in *Triumph*, thou hast sway'd
Their Scepter, to a Rod of Iron made.
Thy Yoak was heavy and their Bondage more
Then the *Sicilian* Tyrants us'd before.
Neer nine times seven years Vassallage they knew
Bidding all Rights, and Liberties adieu.
But the Grand-climacterick-year being come,
It put a period to their Martyrdome,
And Tropick to thy Tyranny and rage,
Confining thee unto some other stage;
To Act thy bloody Scenes, as to their woe
Th' hast done 'ith *Indies*, and at *Mexico*.
Maugre all Rancor, now it is decreed
To take thy turn, either to bend or bleed.

The

The Battle.

BUt what was gain'd by *Philip* th' Second, then
By *John* the Fourth was reassum'd again;
Their Lawes, their Freedom, Priviledge, and Crowne,
By his successefull sword were made their own.
That *John*, whose Ancestors in open field
Conquer'd five Kings, and made their Armies yield;
Lest *Spain* should plead Prescription, thought it best
To Send th' Usurper his *Quietus est*.
What more did the Old *Patriarch* before
In Conquering of *Chedor-Laomer*,
And's Murnivall of Kings, on *Sodoms* Plain?
Then he, to get, and keep, his Crown again.
Nay! Rather lesse, he vanquisht four, in all,
King *John* Triumphs o're six, in *Portugall*.
Thus Old * *Ulissision* they did regain,
First, from five Kings of *Moores*; and now from *Spain*.
Both in *December*, both the very day
Of the same Moneth, they bore the Palm away.

The Conquest.

THe News, *Torpedo*-like, benum'd the Sense
Of *Spain*, with its Narcotick influence
Quite Chang'd the hue of *Olivarez* Face

For all his Counterfeit *Atbricias*:
Amaz'd the Inhabitants from whom 'twas gon,
Like lightning, beyond the Banks of *Rubicon*:
Two Kingdomes in one Morning to fall off, (scoff.
May make the King to sigh, though th' Count *Olivarez*
Such feathers from the Austrian Eagles wing,
With such dependencies, both Kingdoms bring,
'Ith East, and Western Indies; in the Isles,
Tercera, and *Madera*; in *Brasile*,
In *Congo*, *Angola*, *Manac*, *Azarim*,
Mombaza, *Mozambick*, and *Agazim*.
Whole Cities, Countries, Nations did fall,
Throughout the World, to th' Lot of *Portugall*,
And can *Spain* lesse then tremble, sigh, and groan,
To see such *Prodrom's* of Confusion,
Ruine approaching, and the People hurl'd
Into distraction, through the spatious world?
But as the victories at *Marathon*
did prove a Sabbath to the *Athenian*.
So what was lost by *Spain*, did prove to be
T' *Algarues*, and *Portugal*, a Jubilee.

The Triumph.

THy *Ne plus ultra* now is streach't as farre
As *Ana*, from the Streights of *Gibraltar*.
The *Thebans*, *Pillars* that of old did stand,
As Bondaryes, on this, and the *Africk* Land,

Are

Are now transplanted to the Indies, where
They have found a station in each Hemisphere.
From east to west, from *Goa* to *Brasile*,
The Spanyard fled before the Spanish steel.
Before that Sword, which only brandisht stood
Not bath'd, nor drench'd, like his, i'th adverse blood!
Rather than kill, King *John* says, let't suffice,
To drive away these birds from th' sacrifice.
Though they have mischief upon mischief pil'd,
Wee'l strike the Serpent, but wee'l spare the Child.
Remove the *Spanyard*, and restore the Crown,
To whom 'tis due by right succession.
Thus *Ashur*-like, the conquering Prince thought good,
Rather to swim in Oyle, than wade in Blood:
One onely Sacrifice, or two at most,
Appeas'd the King, and satisfied his host;
Twas not his glory, for to gulge, but taste
The *Spanish* blood, for all their Furies past.
One of that Nation, *Vasconzello's* Fall,
Spains Secretary, serv'd to attone them all.

The Proposall of Marriage.

FIve Lustres are well nigh accomplisht, since
Lisbon has triumpht in her Native Prince.
For sixteen years King *John* the Scepter swayd,
Now in the Sepulchre of's Fathers laid:
The Crown upon *Alphonso* th'sixth is come,

A lust years.

And with it all his vaſt Dominion.
Now 'tis the care, and intereſt of all,
But o'th *Queen-Regent* moſt of *Portugal*,
To match the only Daughter of the King,
From whom ſome Royal Cyons ſoon may ſpring.
That Queen, whoſe memory ſhould be enrol'd
'Mongſt greateſt Princes, and in lines of Gold,
Diſpatches her Embaſſadour away
To *Englands* King, and then keeps *Holy-day*.

The publication of the Banes.

THe Banes between two Kingdomes, publiſht, run;
B rn by the wings of Fame through *Chriſtendome*.
Twixt *Englands* Monarch, and th' *Infanta*, there,
The ſole Intelligence that moves that Sphere.
Englands Firſt-borne; King *Charles*, the Exil'd Son,
By Miracle reſtor'd to his Fathers Throne.
And *Donna Katherina*, who may boaſt
A change as wonderfull upon that coaſt.
Great *Charles*, to whom all *Chriſtendome* gives place,
And Royall *Katherine*, of *Braganza's* race.
Conſult their Auguries, and you'l finde both gain
Their Crowns, like ſpoyls of *Salmacis*, again.
One to Inſulting Regicides gives Laws,
Th' other from Spaniſh yoak the neck with-draws.

The

The Match compleated.

SEe! See! the Illustrious paire of Princes greet!
Who in affection and in Fortune meet;
Heavens *Arbiter*, in Hymeneal-bands,
H'as joynd these Princes hearts before their hands.
No Sea must sunder those whom Love conjoynes;
No time must ravel what great *Hymen* twines.
Tagus or'e flows her Banks; the Curled Maine
Sends out great tydes t' attend our Soveraigne.
Neptune resignes his Trident, *Venus* swayes
No more; its *Englands* Empresse rules the Seas.
The Royal *Charles*, proud of her Princely Bride,
With severall gallant Squadrons, by her side,
Attends the motion, as her Convoy home,
Where three Crowns more are added to her own.
The Voyce of Joy, and Gladnesse, now are seen
To fill the Palaces of *King* and Queen.
Nor was't the hand of Mortal man (alas)
But Gods right Arm, that brought it all to pass.

To His Excellency, the Earle of Sandwich.

HEaven's was the work, yet in these Royal Scenes
The Supream Agent's pleas'd to work by meanes:
Angels have joyn'd their hearts, and now their hands

Your

By men must be con joynd in Wedlock bands.
The management of which affair was due
To none alive (Lord *Mountagu*) but you:
You that by th'Sea in th' Royal *Charles* did bring
The Royall *Charles*, Great *Britaines* welcome King,
From Heaven by Sea and Land are still employ'd
To Bring unto *King Charls*, King *Charls* his Bride.
Your Grandeur, as Ambassador, is seen,
In your attendance on great *Britaines* Queen.
At every Audience, the Grandees stand,
In you t' admire the Glory of our Land;
Your person splendent. and your numerous Train,
Dazling all eyes, of *Portugal*, and *Spain*;
First, on the spacious River which of old
In Chronicle was fam'd for Sands of Gold:
Next on the thronged Shore, where millions stood
T' attend your Landing, from the Rapid flood.
Then, then the antient Prophecies were Crown'd
And store of Gold on *Tagus* Banks was found.

It was last Summer, Sir, when you began
To Catechise the bold *Mahometan*,
And now your active Soul's ready, we see,
In *England* to Create a Jubilee.
Europe, and *Africke* too, do sound your fame,
To *Europs* glory, and to *Africks* shame.
Posterity, in Volumes shall declare
What your atcheivements were, what your Trophies are

What's

What's done within the Streights; what more,
Was ſpoke in thunder from the *Tangier* ſhore.
What memorable ſervices were done
By your great prudence to our Nation.
The *Spaniards* ſaid, when that great work was done,
you'd laid a padlock on all Chriſten lome.
Others were heard (of Eminence and note,)
To ſay, you'd now the *Spaniard* by the throat,
The *Hogen Mogens* hearts did fry and burn,
To be ſo nigh, and miſs ſo good a turn.
Thus through the Temple of Virtue you have paſt
To th' Temple of Honour and Renown at laſt.
All your appearances at *Court*, *Aboard*,
In the greateſt ſplendor Sea, or Land afford:
Two *Nations*, being at Conteſt, each who ſhall
Load, with moſt dignities, our *Generall*.
Such Honours has your Excellence, who brings
The beſt of *Conſorts* to the beſt of *Kings*.
Thus to be Fam'd, and known, by one, and all.
Englands Ambaſſador and *Admirall*.

The Valediction between the Queen of England *and the Queen of* Portugall.

THe affaires of State, and ceremony, paſt,
The parting, and the farewell, comes at laſt.
The King, both Queens, with all their Glorious traine.
Doe Solemnly appear in Court again.

Here

Here they receive his Excellence; and he
From them receives her Sacred Majestie:
So rich, so splendid, that you might have told
Whole rocks of Diamond, in Mines of Gold.

Here the two Queens took leave, but in such sort
As with amazement fill'd the thronged Court.
Their carriage more then masculine. No tear
From either of their Majesties appear.
Art conquer'd Nature; State, and Reason stood
Like two great Consuls, to restrain the Flood
Of passion and affection; which, nere th'less,
Appear'd in sad, but prudent comelinesse.
Majestie acted, as Dictator here:
And as Lord Paramount in's proper sphere.
Bearing the sway, and sole dominion
Of Art, Love, Reason, Nature, Passion.
Light sorrows finde a vent, from Great ones rise
A damp that stops the sluces of the Eyes.

A Scene so solemn, that the standers by,
Both Lords and Ladies, did that want supply.
In this great concourse, every one appears,
Paying a tribute to them, but in tears.
Thus were they dry, like *Gideons* fleece; when round
About the spacious Court was watry ground.
And they that conquer Kings, and kingdoms too,
Shew how themselves, themselves can conquer now.
It is not *Cæsar*, or *Miltiades*

Can

Can boaſt of Trophees, adequate to theſe.
Since they, that govern Paſſion, triumph more
Then they that conquer Kingdomes o're and o're.

Her Majeſtie Ship'd on St. George *his day.*

SAint *George* was this day mounted in ſuch ſtate,
He fear'd no Dragon; and could finde no mate.
This day ſurmounted other Feaſts as far
As any Feſtivall i'th Calendar
Does other dayes; The *Portugeſes* vaunt,
St. *George* their Guardian, and tutelar Saint.
St. *George* for *England* too, the *Engliſh* cry! April *Stilo*
Though perhaps neither knows the reaſon why.
This was th'allotted, and th'appointed day
The Queen firſt took poſſeſſion of the Sea.
England and *Portugal* were then made one,
After a ſtately, grave Proceſſion.
The Churches viſited, the Offrings layd
On th'Altars, and all due Devotion paid.
The People throng'd in multitudes, to ſee
Their King, and our great Queen in Majeſty.
Houſes were out o'th windows hurl'd, th'array
That in Imbroyderies, and Velvets lay,
And coffin'd up for many yearsbefore,
By all conſents were turned out of door.
Thouſands of houſes, and vaſt pillars told,
Array'd with Damasks, Silks, and cloths of Gold.

All Streets adorn'd, triumphant Arches fram'd;
In all rich Furniture as can be nam'd.

Thus pas'd the *King* with all his Royal train,
Conducting the *INFANTA* to the Main.
Thus *Englands* Representative, we see
Attend, receive, conduct her Majestie:
And as great *Trajan* triumph'd once in *Rome*,
In Effigie: So they, that hither come
Our Great *King Charles* in *Lisbon* streets might see
Triumphant with his Queen in Majestie.
The Robes, and Royal Ensignes he put on
I'th solemn day of's Coronation.
He in his Princely Portraiture, and she
Both in her Person, and her Effigie.

From the Procession to the Royall Gallery.

DOwn from the City, to the Sea they come
Into th' Kings Gallery, a glorious Room:
And such, as they of *Lisbon* have not known
To speak the splendour of that Nation.
So *Xerxes* fetter'd up the *Hellespont*
With's bridge of boats; He, and his Army on't.
As the Grear King *Alfonso*, here, we see,
O're *Tagus* rears a stately Gallery;
(Barges and boats were numberless) which stood
To bridle up the raging of the Flood:

And

And make a Royal passage for the King,
For *Englands* Queen, and for what Nobles, bring
Their Majesties aboard the Royal-*Charles*:
Dons, *Condies*, Marquesses, with Dukes and Earls.
Ladies and Lords san's number, with a train
Would blear the eyes, or break the heart of *Spain*.
Thus link'd, and chain'd together now we stand,
As if the Sea were married to the Land.
And thus of two, both Nations were made one
In this arrival, and conjunction.

The Queen comes aboard.

AND thus in Princely Equipage she comes
Into her gloriously Embellish'd Rooms,
Where *Persia*, *India*, *Italy* have sent
As tribute, both for use and ORnament,
Such Riches, and such Furniture as flow
OR from *Bezaleel's* loom, or mines below;
Made by the curious Artists, to set forth
Their matchless skill, and the Queens matchless worth:
Her royall Cabin, and her State-room too
Adorn'd with Gold, and lin'd with Velvet through.
The cushions, stools and chairs, and clothes of State
All of the same materials, and rate.
The bed made for her Majesties repose,
White as the Lily, red as *Sharons* Rose,
For colour, cost, and candour may compare

With what in Historie we finde most rare.
Egypt, nor Isles of *Chittim* have not seen,
Such rich imbroderies, or such a Queen.
Windowes with *Taffataes*, and *Damask* hung;
While Costly Carpets on the Floors are flung.
Regions of Perfumes, Clouds of incense hurl'd,
In every roome of this our little World.
Here shee begins her Progress; comes a board;
Turnes *Voyager* to greet her Greatest Lord,
The Royal *Charles* by Sea and Land shee'l take,
Both for her *Zenith*, and her *Zodiake*.

Her Majesties welcome Aboard.

WElcom'd she was in thunder, while the shore
By King *Alfonso's* Order strives t' out-roare
Our Cannon, and our Culverin, which fly,
And Fill the Land, the Waters, and the Sky.
Give fire the Captaines cry, and Quick tis gone
Beyond the *Axis* of the *Horizon*.
Lightning and Thunder from each Oaken side
Proclaimes the welcome of our Royal Bride.
Such Thunder bolts, and such Granadoes fly
From Stem to Stern, from waters to the Sky
Between his Castles, and our floating Isles.
Th'amaz'd Inhabitants for many miles,
Surpriz'd with wonder, Gaz'd, and thought it strange
Earths Centre reeld not, at the Inter-change.

Saint

St. Georges *Night.*

THus has the day been solemniz'd by all;
But tis the night must Crown the Festivall.
Then, then, Dame Nature had Convulsion fits,
And to keep up the Revels, lost her wits.
The Sea was all on fire, and people came,
In shoales like Fishes, to behold the flame.
The Great Pavilion of Condensed Clouds
Had now no other light but from the shrouds.
The *Starres* like images of *Jupiter* fell down,
And Fixt a while i'th watry Region:
As if the *Virgins*, or *Ariadnes* Crowne,
To Court the Queen had here descended down.
All lesser lights, as Homagers were sent,
To pay this duty in their Element.
The lustre of the night darkned the day,
Dampt the bright girdle of *Andromeda*.
Nor could the fam'd *Cassiope* presume
Among these dazeling Tapers, to a Room.
Thus *Israell*-like we gly'd into th' Sea,
Pillar'd with Fire by night, and Clouds by day.
The antient Story of old *Argos* eyes,
In Cannons mouthes you might *Mythologize*.
From Earth, and Waters, Light, and Fire, were sent
In Blazing Comets to the Firmament.

Balls

Balls of consuming Wild-fire here were hurl'd,
Like to quick Fire-drakes through the liquid world.
The lights of heaven were darken'd, the pale Moon
Pull'd in her horns, to see her self out-done.
Each Ship a globe of glory did appear;
Each light a fixed Star in's *Hemisphere*.
That that had least had most; for there the Queen,
Queen-Regent of th' new Firmament was seen.
Charles Wain was here predominant, and these
Great lights below, dar'd the *Antipodes*.
City, and Sea were gilded with the shine
That overspread them both in this designe.
Those Engines blaz'd with flames, which just before
Roar'd out in Thunder to th' astonisht shore.
The Hulls, the Masts, the Cordage, and the Tyre
Of those *Boanergeses* seem'd all on fire.
And yet no noise nor harm; what did appear
Was fitted to the *Eye*, and not the *Eare*.
To please the Queen, the *Elements* conspire,
That of the *Earth*, the Waters, and the Fire.

Oh for an Aye ry Wagoner, whose prayer
Elias-like, may now command the Ayre.

The KINGS last Farewel.

THe winde was wholly contrary that day,
All which in visiting was pass'd away.

But

Butthen, when *Morpheus* had clos'd up moſt eyes,
And nights black Curtains were drawn o're the Skyes;
Down comes the King in's Royal Barge, amain
Incoguito! with his harmonious train:
To ſing his Siſters Farewell, which was done,
To Extaſie, and Admiration.
Under our gilded Galleries he floats,
And there they advance their moſt melodious throats
In ſeverall Sonnets, which the Artiſt calls
Epithalamions, Carols, Madrigals.
Thalia to the Queen did here impart
What skill in Muſick lay, and what in Art.
What comes from Inſtruments, what from the throats,
Well warbl'd out in ſweet-dividing Notes.
The vocall Muſick that we heard this Night,
Had in't the Quinteſcence of all delight.
Here was the true *Arion*, who they ſay,
Made *Dolphins* dance, and caper in the Sea.
Here was the *Orpheus*, and *Amphion* too,
That with their Muſick did ſuch wonders do.
Layd Charms on man and beaſt, made ſtones to riſe
From th' ſullen Earth, and re-ſalute the Skyes.
It were a task for *Lanier*, *Cooke*, or *Lawſe*,
To give the merit of it juſt applauſe.
I want both Skill and Language to expreſs
The order, melody, and comelineſs
Of this nights action: But th' approaching day,
Silenc'd the Muſick, ſent the King away.

THAT

That morning we put to Sea.

HElen, and *Troy* ne're parted; where the Queen
Was present, there the Court was also seen:
'Tis now a floating in this Royal Arke,
At which the Stars may gaze, and Dogs may bark.
Down to the wombe of moysture now we fall,
Leaving the Native soyl of *Portugall.*
Where formerly on shore we did descry
Whole Constellations of Nobility
Clouded with sadness, Ladies all in Vails,
E're we weigh'd Anchor, or could hoise our Sails.

Each man's an *Agamemnon*, as they say,
Mourning to part with *Iphigenia.*
The Ladies farewell to her seem'd to be
Sadder then th'parting of *Andromache.*
Oh! for a *Zeuxis*, or *Aglaophon*,
To paint their looks at *Lisbon*, now she's gone.

Delug'd in seas of sorrow; hear their cryes!
Colchos it selfe ne're sent forth such a Prize!
Great *Englands* Argonaut, that Princes bears,
That widows all our joyes, drowns all our tears.
The Royal *Charles*, in her, ha's shipt in more
Than all the *Lisbon* Caracks did before.

Both

Both *Indies* in a trice, where ere she comes,
She out-ballances all Wealth, Perfumes, and Gummes.
Tagus does flow to *Thames*, and now *White-hall*
H'as found Capacity for *Portugall*.
London ha's swallow'd *Lisbon*, *Englands* Coast
Hath gain'd more from us, then our Conquests boast.

A vertuous *Virgin*, on whose cheeks do lie
Concentred Beautie, Grace, and Modestie.
A Gracious *Bride*, whose meer Intrinsick worth
Runs parallel with what the world brings forth;
A Glorious *Queen*, array'd in Majestie,
Mirrour of Vertue, Prudence, Pietie.

A Virgin; Bride, and Queen, young, fair and good,
Leander-like attempts the curled Flood,
To court Great *Britains* King, o'th *British* shore,
Waving both *Tagus* and *Pactolus* o're;
Leaving all hopeless e're her like to see,
Except it come, Great *Charles*, from Her, and Thee!

Good Winde and *Weather*.

ALL Oracles invok't, we launch again,
By Heavens safe Conduct, to the Briny-main;
Our Canvas swelling with such gentle gales,
As strain no Top-masts, and yet fill her Sayles.
Our hollow Keels the Ocean do divide,
With all advantages of Winde and Tyde;

Mercies do seem to multiply; We find
Fair weather added to the fairest wind.

A cross and contrary Winde.

THe morn was glorious, but our hopes (Alas!)
Blasted, and withered, e're the day did pass:
The wind did alter, and the weather rage,
Both with the angry Element engage.
The Waves did rise, the Clouds let fall their Rain;
Ships took in Seas, Men pumpt e'm out again;
Nor were we far into the Ocean gone,
But we were crost with an *Euroclydon*;
North-east, and turbulent just such a one,
As crost that Vessel of Election.
He from *Lasoa*, we from *Lisbon* came;
Ours had a storms, but his a tempests name.
The ambitious Waves in curled Billows flye
Rowling themselves in Mountains to the Skie;
So vast, so very high, they seem'd to some
To be the very Mountains of the Moon.
The hollow winds with whistling from the Clouds
Strain both the Top-mast, Main-mast, Yards, and Shrouds.
The very day was darkness, and the night
Presented nought but horrour to the sight.
The sounds of Port and Starbor'd heard before,
Were dwindl'd to Non-near, and ware no more.
The Face of Heaven was dreadful; and the noise
Of winde, and water drown'd the Saylors cries.

'Larums

'Larums of vengeance sounding in our ears,
So lately fill'd with Musick of the Spheres.
In this Great bustle 'twixt the Sea and Storm,
Some had their Main-sails, some their Top-sails torn.

The Passengers in this Storm.

THe Jaw-fall'n Passengers could as soon eat
Morsels o'th Main-mast, as a mess of meat.
Cordials of Amber, and dissolved Pearl
Would now be Nauseous to Man and Girle.
Doctors and Pothecaries were useless now,
The Sea was Physick and Physician too.
Some it'h Star-chamber, some in Cabins lie,
Neither had more to do, but winck and die.
Ai-ke! cries one, Jesus! another sayes,
Heres one a cursing, there's another prayes.
Here laughs a Saylor, while another cry'd,
Hee'd change this great Fish-market for *Cheapside*.
The Deck with sick men covered; so that
It look't like th' valley of *Jehosaphat*.
Alive, or dead they knew not, like Men shot
With dreadful Thunder live, but know it not.
They who the Storm in darker Cabin's spent,
Took each his Coffin, and his Monument;
Resolving there to lie, and lie along
'Till th' Trump should sound a't Resurrection.

A Whale neer the Ship.

I'Th mid'ſt of theſe incumbrances, we ſpy'd
A Tortuous Leviathan by th' Ships ſide,
Who on the Rouling waves did ſport and play,
Taking his Paſtime in the troubled Sea.
Great ſtore of Porpoſes do here advance
Above the Surges: And the Dolphins dance,
As if thoſe wonders which i'th deep do lie,
Had all been ſhuffl'd into Mutiny.
With croſs and adverſe winds for thirteen dayes
We rowl and tumble on the fearfull Seas;
And paſs our time with very ſmall delight
'Mongſt Sons of *Neptune*, and of *Amphitrite*.
Each Man turns Votary, his Temple dreſt
With Royal wreaths, like great *Apollo's* Prieſt,
Praying the Heaven of Heavens propitious be,
In the ſafe Conduct of her Majeſty.

The Mariners Prayer.

ILLuſtrious Princeſs, may nor Winde nor Tide,
Croud to diſturb King *Charles* His Royall Bride.
Gentle as breath of Eunuchs be the Gales
That fill and ſwell your large diſtended Sailes:
Now let all ſtorms be crampt; The ſurly wind
That ſtirs *Heſperian* billows be confin'd:

May never *Æolus* with boysterous blasts
Invade your Canvas Cordage, or your Masts;
Nor *Thracian Boreas*, whom Poets said,
Too loudly courted the *Erythrean* Maid,
Too saucily attempt to see you; But sail on
Free from them all, free from *Euroclydon*.

From all stones Billow-gnawn, and waves that roare
Like those upon *Puzzola*, or *Baiæ* shore;
May never *Remora*, nor *Proserpine*,
Nor *Aeacus*, nor *Alcens*, who designe
And prophesie hard Sea-adventures, Be
Occasion'd to foretell your Naufragie;
Lest while such Destiny they should make known,
They blast our Kingdomes Glory, and their own.

Blest by a higher Auspice, still go view
Your vast Dominion, while we joyntly sue
Your safer Convoy through the watry main,
As the return of *Englands* Prayers again,
That He who gave's a King, and him his due,
Would give him all things else, in giving You.

Castor and *Pollux* too, who use to save
The weather-beaten-vessels from the wave,
With bright *Orions* help, May all combine
In Pitch-dark Firmaments most bright to shine,
That no crosse Constellation them undo,
Who bear both *Cæsars* Name, and Fortune too.

But

But that from South to North we come again
With CHARLES his Bride, enthron'd in *Charles* his wain.

The Queens Courage.

A Little *Remora* the Ship, they say,
Of *Caius* the Emperour did stop the way;
But nothing can Retardate *Englands* Bride,
Hinder, or keep her from King *Charles* his side.
'Twas not a *Cyclops* that could block the way,
Or keep *Ulysses* from his *Ithaca*;
The sight of which he did prefer by odds
Before the Immortalitie o'th gods.
It was not *Helespont*, though it divide
The shores, from *Sestos* to *Abydos* side,
Could part that Amorous Pair, Th' Ambiguous flowes
Conspir'd to bring them to their sweet repose.

So here, while we our constant Course do ply,
Mounting on Surges sometimes to the Sky,
As if wee'd climbe the Clouds: Then sinking fall,
With hollow Waves, as low as lowest of All.
Seas, like *Ceraunian* Mountains, that do swell
As high as Heaven, and fall as low as Hell:
Yet not th' Envellop't Clouds, nor blustring Winde,
Nor raging Billowes, though they roar by kind,
Such Resolution does her Breast afford
Can Fright the *Infanta* from her Royal Lord.

All

All danger she disdains, she looks all hazzis,
Till she be lodg'd within her Soveraigns Armes:
Cast up the various hazzards, and you'l say,
Th'are more then *Hercules* ran for's *Omphale*.
And yet none more vivacious then She,
The Pride and Glory of the Companie.

The reward of Patience.

THe turbulent *Atlantick* that did roare,
Bellow and bluster, but the day before,
Appears so gently milde, so calm to day,
You might well call it the *Pacifick-Sea*.
The raging Winde was breathless; Now no noise,
Or from the Surges here, or from the Skies.

E're long, twelve Leagues a Watch, the Yeomen cry,
A better Winde ne're blew out of the Sky;
A smoother Sea, no man alive can boast,
Or fairer Weather on the *Biscay* Coast.
The Sea-sick Passengers that loath'd their meat,
Are readier now for to devour, then eat.

And that Ship-Royal, which i'th darkest night,
To'th rest o'th Fleet still bore the Royal Light,
In these brave Gales has easily found the way
To be their Leader through the *Atlantick Sea*.
And thus with winged-speed, She plows the Seas
(Like *Atalanta*, and *Hippomanes*;)

All

All Arm'd with Zeal: No Golden Apple here
To stop the Passage of her swift Careire.

To the Queen.

AMain! For *England*, now the Saylors crie,
The Royal Standart fluttering in the Skie,
Old *Palinurus* to his Compass flies,
Having no Object now, but Seas and Skies.
Lifting his watchful Eyes, his heart, his hands,
The Helmesmen waiting still his quick commands.
The Weather beaten Pilots, who do know;
What Oracles, and Tripod's us'd to show,
Bestir themselves, improve their utmost skill
To do their duty, and observe his will.
That son of *Neptune*, the Lieutenant stands
Daring all Weathers, wary in's commands.
Master and Mates, the Boatswain, and his crew
From stem to stern, bid ease and sleep adiew;
From the Gunner, and his Gang, afore and aft,
The rest o'th Navy are their dutie taught.
Silence or Thunder from their Admirall
Creates Example here to One and All.
Each Mariner t' his sheats, and Halyards stands,
Ductile and Pliant to supream commands,
Restless and labouring, till their Anchor's laid
In *Thames*, Great Queen, which were in *Tagus* weigh'd.

To

To the World.

THe Royal Navie now being put to Sea,
Their Loyalty and Duty for to pay,
Let no bold interruption that can
Bid others ſtand, upon the Ocean,
'Twixt us and th' Horizon, preſume t' appear,
On perill of being ſent to their own ſphere.
Lower your Top-ſails *Dutch-men*: ſtrike amain;
Down with your Flags, proud *Hollander* and *Spain*.
Let no bold *French*-man dare to come too nigh,
That *Engliſh* Flags or Enſigns can deſcry:
Let all your ſeverall ſquadrons Homage pay
To the great Lord and Lady of the Sea.
To *Englands* Monarch ſtill; now to his Queen;
Let not the thoughts of *Ruben* Intervene.

England! thy floating Iſles, thy wooden Walls
Damps the diſcourſe of ten Eſcurials:
A Navy ſo puiſſant ne're was known
To croſs the Seas, ſince Seas knew *Oleron*.

On the Royal Charles.

SHips are Hermophrodites; we call them Men,
Charles, *James* and *Henry*; At next breath agen,
She's a brave Man of War, here's one for all,
Both the Worlds wonder, and her Admiral.

The Royall *Charles*; The name o'th Faiths Defender,
Admits Expreſſions in a double Gender.

No Flegmatick Commander can gainſay
This truth, but in diſcourſe will paſt away.
Bate me this Sea-abſurdity, and then,
Ile fall to write o'th Royal *Charles* ag'en.
The Worlds ſeven wonders, Time had ſwallow'd down,
Seem to be now diſgorg'd in this alone.
A Ship ſo Large, ſo Gilt, ſo Gun'd, ſo Man'd,
So Arm'd, ſo Fortify'd, as may withſtand
All Oppoſition that may ſeem to come
From any Port or Part of Chriſtendome.
Her Enſigns, Pendants, Streamers and Array,
Richer then th' King of *Tyrus* put to Sea.
Her Trumpets Silver, and her Waſtcloth's round,
Form'd of the deep'ſt-dy'd-Scarlet could be found.
Her high-exalted-Maſts like Towers would ſhake
The loftie *Coloſs* o're the *Rhodian* Lake.
Her Cannons, and her Culverine out-roare,
Feraras Cacodemon on the ſhore,
And's *Terræ-motus* too; make Sea-Nymphs wonder
To hear them drown with their noyſe noyſe of Thunder;
Which Eechoing from that ſtupendious Pile,
Would Deave the Deaving Cataracts of *Nile*.
Her loud-mouth'd-Cannons at each Volley make
Th' amazed Skies to rend, the Earth to quake;
He that were ſtung with a *Taranula*
No Doctor needs, but hear them ſing and play,

That makes him dance, and dancing does most sure
Discharge the Poyson, and compleat the Cure.

Were such th' Antagonists as made account
To lift up *Pelion* upon *Ossas* Mount;
Say they were strong as *Tytheus*, or stout
As proud *Porphyrion*, or *Rhetus* rout:
She like a Lioness to fury bent,
Peace-meal the trembling *Saracen* shall rend:
And they shall soon'st who most in blood delight
Lay weapons down, admire, but never fight:
When they her Great Artillery espy
And *English* Lions in her Panes discry,
In homage to her Soveraignty shall yield,
Forgetful of their Projects, sword, or shield:
And all their numerous Fleets at her command
Their inauspicious squadrons shall disband.

Pass through her *Sancta Barbara*, and there
Such horrid, deadly Engines do appear
In such variety, as do declare
What Wit, Invention, and what mischief are:
Eighty-six Piece of Ordnance you may see
I'th number of her great Artillery:
And each if levell'd as they do not miss,
Worse then the Brazen-Bull of *Phalaris*;
For other Warlike Instruments we score
Of severall sorts, about a thousand more.

Gorgon, the Ship of *Perseus*, ner' strook
Such terrour to th' *Assyrians*; Ne're took

Such vengeance on 'em, as she shall
Under the Conduct of our Admiral,
On all Opposers power from *Thames*, her Throne,
To th' Borders of Sea-faring *Zebulon*.

Nor is her state impair'd by this her strength,
But still keeps Company in breadth and length.
An Elegant contexture here you find
Of what may please the eye, or pose the mind.
Here's strength and statelines together meet,
Fulness, and Fineness do each other Greet:
Here's all materials convenient,
That either serve for use, or Ornament;
That fit the Court, or Camp, in Peace, or Warr,
Some fetcht from bordering Territories; some from farr.

Inside and outside too you may behold
Ore-laid, or richly trim'd, with burnisht gold.
Her brazen Entralls through the Decks appear,
While Silken Flags are hovering in the Aire,
Her rough and Oaken sides are lin'd within
With Velvet smoother then the Ermins skin.
Profit and pleasure meet; for with delight
Things necessary do present to sight.

I'th Front a well man'd Castle takes your sence
I'th Rear a Court full of Magnificence;
Here sits in Majesty Great *Britains* Queen;
And Sons of *Mars* and Thunder there are seen.

The Glittering Ladies in her presence stand;
Without appears a rough and Armed Band:
Those do the Needle handle, these the Spear,
They have their Muffs, these do their Gantlets weare;
Those have their Beads and Bracelets, Pins and Laces,
These deal with Halyards, Cables, Sheats and Braces.

Now when a Glorious Journal shall be made
Of all the Voyages, Thou *Charles*! hast had
On the dull waves below; Be it not deny'd
By all Consents, but thou be stellify'd,
And placed in the Spheers above, while we
Admire all wonders, in admiring Thee.

The Royal Charles *in her present Capacitie.*

MEan time 't must be confest by one and all,
The Court of *England*, and of *Portugal*:
The Floating *Agora*; The moving Camp,
That of all Regal Powers does bear the stamp;
The Church Epitomiz'd; The State Calcin'd,
The Kingdoms garbl'd, and their Court refin'd;
The Sea-mans Æreopage and Arsenal,
The peoples Pantheon, and their Capitol.
The Army Modell'd, and the Council all;
Or most Abstracted in our Admirall.

What

What Languages are wanting here? 'Mongst us
Are some of *Athens*, some of *Ephesus*.
Here are trades Manual, and to tell true,
Of severall Regions, and Religions too.
Here's a Reward for good, if good they do,
For bad here's places of Correction too.

In her we climb the Billows, work and pray
Tritons auspicious Conduct through the Sea:
Imploring the saf'st Passage e're was seen,
To land our *Cargazoon*, Great *Britains* Queen;
At whose Arrival *Myriads* ready stand
With Groves of Bayes and Lawrel in their hand,
To attend the Royal Nuptials, and as meet,
To lay them down at her Majestick Feet.

To the Nation in General.

THus *England* multiplies her Joyes at last
Without Legitimating By-blowes Past.
The Rapes and the Adulteries o'th last Age,
Being quite proscrib'd the Verge o'th *Brittish* Stage.
The Ravishers of Scepter, Throne, and Crown,
To th' Gulph of shame and vengeance tumbled down:
From Royal and Illustrious Branches She
Delivers over to Posteritie
Hopes of the greatest Glory, ere were hurl'd
By Fate or Fortune through th' extensive World:

Thus

Thus Jubilees and Triumphs She puts on,
For th' dayes and years of her Affliction.

Rebellion in's own Fatall chain lies bound,
And horrid Treason's Groveling on the ground;
Both which with their Infection did fly,
Like to *Aceſta's* Arrows, through the Sky,
And caught fire flying too, as ſoon as gone
I'th upper, middle, and loweſt Region.

But now the Bee of *Aſſur*, and the Fly
Of *Egypt*, both are baniſht *Britany*,
The heads of both thoſe *Hydra's* are lopt off,
While Peace and Plenty at e'm both do laugh.
The Glorious Mothers of ſuch Sons we ſee
As bleſs them both for bleſſing Majeſtie;
And of ſuch Glorious Daughters as ariſe,
And in their Morn and Evening-Sacrifice
Do teach the aſtoniſht World on bended knees
To beg from Heaven *Regala's* like to theſe.

To the King *and* Queen.

OH! May Your Royal Sons as *Cedars* ſtand
To Govern Yours and many a forraign Land;
May the Remainder of Your Progenie
Like Polliſht Corners of the Temple be:
That *Kings*, and *Queens*, Crowns, Scepters, Diadems,
May Flow and Flouriſh from Your Regal Stems,

To

To Rule both East and West; May *Thules* bound
Be but one Tropick to Your Royal Crowns.
Thence may Your Awful Scepters stretch as Far
As is the Artick from th' Antartick Star;
And Crown succeeding Ages with the Joyes
That to their Children from Your Loins arise.

FINIS.